I pray you tell my Lord and father Madam,
I will not marrie yet, and when I do, I ſweare
It ſhall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate
Rather then *Paris*, theſe are newes indeed.
M. Here comes your father, tell him ſo your ſelfe:
And ſee how he will take it at your hands.
Enter Capulet *and Nurſe.*
Ca. When the Sun ſets, the earth doth drizle deaw,
But for the Sunſet of my brothers ſonne,
It rains downright. How now a Conduit girle, what ſtill in teares
Euermore ſhowring in one litle body?
Thou counterfaits. A Barke, a Sea, a Wind:
For ſtill thy eyes, which I may call the ſea,
Do ebbe and flowe with teares, the Barke thy body is:
Sayling in this ſalt floud, the windes thy ſighes,
Who raging with thy teares and they with them,
Without a ſudden calme will ouerſet
Thy tempeſt toſſed body. How now wife,
Haue you deliuered to her our decree?
La. I ſir, but ſhe will none, ſhe giue you thankes,
I would the foole were married to her graue.
Ca. Soft take me with you, take me with you wife,
How will ſhe none? doth ſhe not giue vs thanks?
Is ſhe not proud? doth ſhe not count her bleſt,
Vnworthy as ſhe is, that we haue wrought
So worthy a Gentleman to be her Bride?
Iu. Not proud you haue, but thankful that you haue:
Proud can I neuer be of what I hate,
But thankfull euen for hate, that is meant loue.
Ca. How, how, how how, chopt lodgick, what is this?
Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
And yet not proud miſtreſſe minion you?
Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine Ioynts gainſt Thurſday next,
To go with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church:
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Out you greene ſickneſſe carrion, out you baggage,
You tallow face.
La. Fie, fie, what are you mad?
Iu. Good Father, I beſeech you on my knees,
Heare me with patience, but to ſpeake a word.
Fa. Hang thee young baggage, diſobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thurſday,
Or neuer after looke me in the face.
Speake not, replie not, do not anſwere me.
My fingers itch, wife, we ſcarce thought vs bleſt,
That God had lent vs but this onely childe,
But now I ſee this one is one too much,
And that we haue a curſe in hauing her:
Out on her hilding.
Nur. God in heauen bleſſe her:
You are to blame my Lord to rate her ſo.
Fa. And why my Lady wiſdome, hold your tongue,
Good Prudence ſmatter, with your goſſips go.
Nur. I ſpeake no treaſon,
Father, ô Godigeden,
May not one ſpeake?
Fa. Peace you mumbling foole,
Vtter your grauitie ore a Goſhips bowle,
For here we need it not.
Wi. You are too hot.
Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad,
Day, night, houre, tide, time, worke, play,
Alone in companie, ſtill my care hath bene
To haue her matcht, and hauing now prouided
A Gentleman of noble parentage,
Of faire demeanes, youthfull and nobly liand,
Stuft as they ſay, with honourable parts,
Proportiond as ones thought would wiſh a man,
And then to haue a wretched puling foole,
A whining mammet, in her fortunes tender,
To anſwere, ile not wed, I cannot loue:
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.